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A LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

'Only a fancy sketch,' some one says. Well, perhaps this particular one is. But how many real ones have we without the mob cap and kerchief, just as young and dainty and sweet, whose ambition is to grow up to be just as 'capable' a housekeeper as are the mothers who are training them. When we get a few more of these same wise mothers and aunts on our school boards we will then have hopes of seeing the art of housekeeping raised to a science. Then will our girls be taught that to broil a steak for father's breakfast as it should be done, and have it sharp on time, is just as important as to work out quickly and correctly an example in the rule of three; and that to be able to have the potatoes mealy, and the pudding light, and the bread—well, perfect—is more important than to be able to go through the sixth book of geometry without a blunder, or all the binomial theorem you could work out in a month. Let our schools establish genuine housekeeping departments, not more 'kitchen gardens' for the babies, where genuine housekeeping science is carefully taught, and so raise housekeeping to the dignity of the profession of nursing. The 'servant' question will then be nearer a settlement.

A LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

FOR A CONGREGATION.

At the installation of Rev. E. W. Brown, as pastor of Westminster Presbyterian church in Detroit, Dr. Wallace Radcliffe delivered the following charge to the congregation:—

There be three things too wonderful for me; yea, four which I know not, the way of a man with a maid, and the way of a congregation in getting a pastor; the way of a serpent on a rock, and the way of a congregation in getting rid of a pastor.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel never knows when it is well off.

New brooms sweep clean, and the noisiest welcome is not the continuous cheer.

One man cannot keep both sides of a contract.

The church bell rings twice on Sundays, and just as loudly for the people as for the pastor.

A threefold cord is not quickly broken and the unity of pastor, session and people ordains success.

The church makes the minister. Like people, like priest. Each church has its own atmosphere.

The pastor is not hired.

The brook Cherith does not flow through Detroit, and manna is not found upon our streets.

Pew rents do not have summer vacations.

Salvation is free, but the Gospel costs money.

Your minister is not Paul, but then Westminster church is not the Sanhedrin.

If the church is the army of the Lord the trustees run the commissary department.

It is given to the deacons, if they will, to look every day into the face of the Master.

The sexton is sometimes the devil's lieutenant.

A thoughtful usher is a means of grace.

The session is not a cabinet by the president's choice, nor a gang under boss's orders, but representatives of a scriptural republic.

The elder is the voice of the people to be heard not in the criticism of the streets, but in the counsels of the closet.

Sabbath sickness is healed only by the unction from the Holy One.

A congregation gets what it brings.

That is a good sermon which does thee good.

A hungry man does not criticise the shape of the loaf.

A congregation as well as an individual, may have the dyspepsia.

The end of a sermon is only its beginning.

Perfection is never in the pulpit, and it is seldom in the pews.

Church work is slow work, but that is no reason for sloth.

If Aaron and Hur are not on the church roll you may as well burn the books.

The church is not a social club, nor an esthetic confectioner's, nor an intellectual prize-ring, nor a mutual admiration society, nor a spiritual hammock, but a workshop, in which you are a worker; do not quarrel with

your tools; an army in which you are a soldier, do not stain your honor; a republic of which you are a citizen, do not be disloyal to her history or her claims; a body of which you are a member, do not become paralyzed or diseased; a family in which the old are not to be arrogant, nor the young presumptuous, but each serving the other. The unity of the spirit and the obedience of love will illustrate for the community the family named of Christ in heaven and upon earth.

Children cry for sweets when they may need oil or the slipper—the same is a parable.

Hear with your own ears.

When the sons of God come together Satan always has a pew in the middle aisle.

The minister is not a priest, the pulpit is not an altar and preaching and praying cannot be vicarious.

The front seat is strongly built and is not infected.

The benediction is not an official order for overcoats.

A crown awaits the man who orders a coupe for prayer-meeting.

Drink water out of thine own cistern and eat that which thine own larder provideth.

Is any sick? Let him send.

As a bird that wandereth from her nest so is he that tasteth all the pulpits.

Far-off fields look green and the other church hath also its disappointments.

He who belongs to all the churches is of no use to any of them.

Free lances do not win battles.

A church is not growing, though ever so cheerfully it empties out of one tub into another.

The stork knoweth its home and the calf loveth his mother, but many Presbyterians know not their home and love other people's mothers as well as their own.

The answer to the church tramp should be the ecclesiastical wood-pile.

The rusty lock creaks loudest, and the do-nothings make the most noise in the church.

The ox that pulls the least groans the loudest.

A boulder is bigger than a pearl, but one man is not wiser than the whole congregation.

It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but it is the reproach of his people that they wash their linen upon the house-tops.

There are some things which even the young people do not know.

Hurrah Boy is good, but Tie-to is better.

A machine does not run itself, and a list of officers, even when it is printed, does not make a society.

The church does not exist for the young people, but the young people for the church.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but that is no reason for sharpening the tongue whenever the pastor appears.

MORAL COLOR-BLINDNESS.

Not a few persons have received a genuine surprise on being told, after an examination, that they were affected with color-blindness. A much larger number might experience a far greater shock on learning that they are suffering from moral color-blindness.

The eye that fails to distinguish colors may be exceptionally good in judging of form, and unusually keen in detecting objects at a distance. The victim of color-blindness may even name colors so correctly that for a long time his defect escapes notice. So the person that is morally color-blind is frequently one distinguished for remarkable shrewdness and foresight; he is quite an oracle as to what is prudent in business and in good taste in social life. He names the virtues and vices as other people do, and his verdicts on conduct seem so generally to tally with the truth that his weakness is not suspected by others, and is entirely hidden from himself.

Yet the moral color-blindness goes to much greater length than does the ordinary trouble. Its radical evil is in a failure to distinguish black and white, a defect exceedingly rare in the physical eye. When the fault is betrayed, even in the slightest degree, in judgments on nice points, it is a sign of something deep-seated and serious, which will lead one to pronounce a lie white, and to call evil good and good evil. The revelation of its true nature may come, as the revelation of the other color-blindness has sometimes come, in some terrible wreck that means ruin to many others as well as to the one at fault.

Too much care in this matter cannot be exercised in regard to any one, whether in his own behalf or in behalf of those whose safety depends in large measure on his seeing things truly. There is a terrible danger in following a color-blind leader. There is one advantage and encouragement for the mortally color-blind. The defect is not, in their case, organic; and, while it may develop with startling rapidity if neglected, it is possible to overcome it. Its detection, as well as its cure, depends on the most careful and constant testing by the truest standards and on hourly aid from the great Physician—*Golden Rule.*

WELCOME THE CHILDREN.

Experience has abundantly proven that the best and most effective Christians are those who were brought to Christ when young, and who were trained by the Church to a life of good works as a natural outcome of a life of faith. Awaken the children, then, as soon as possible; do not expect from them at once a mature experience; deal gently with their faults and shortcomings; build them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; advise them rather than rebuke or chasten; help them over the hard places that so often mar their untrained feet; make them your friends; by-and-by, almost before you are aware of it, they will repay your patience and effort and training, and will show forth the fruits of a true and useful life.

The Church that cares for the children from the moment they are really and not merely nominally received, will be the stronger, and the future will be as full of good as the present is full of promise with regard to them. Welcome the children, and do not keep them shivering out in the cold of the world when there is comfort and warmth and safety within the fold. Wait a little too long and it may perhaps be too late.—*Baptist Superintendent.*

THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

Horace Mann once said with characteristic force, 'The angel, whose office it is to open the door of heaven, to let in the ransomed, may as well talk of being tired in his work, as for the teacher of little children to be tired of his duties.' He spoke chiefly of a teacher in a common school. The spirit of the remark applies with more emphasis to the teacher in the Sunday-school. He does stand, in some deep sense, at the door of heaven to invite the little ones in. Yet the primary teacher does sometimes get tired in the work, perhaps even tired *of* it. Why should he? Are you discouraged because your children are listless and inattentive sometimes? An old teacher says that children are never inattentive. The only reason why they are not attentive to you is that they are very attentive to something else just then. They are all attention, but they have their own way of giving it. You cannot get it by asking for it, or by scolding because they do not give it. Win it fairly, and you can have it; deserve it, and you will usually get it. Their eyes are wide open, 'in the market, to the highest bidder.' The children you teach on Sundays are the very same that you have around you all the week. Study them well; manage them wisely.

Are you discouraged because the children seem but little better for all your Sunday teaching? Remember how much teaching from heavenly and earthly teachers was wasted on you before you became a Christian. And since then how many good seeds have the birds stolen, and how many have the stony soil and the hard ground made useless and lifeless!

Yours is a great privilege. It is your high office to tell the incoming generation what God told our fathers. It is not his will that He should come in person to every age. He sends you to prolong and to perpetuate the influence of his memorable early visits to our race. You are to explain to these, his youngest children, what the Jehovah of the Old Testament, or the Jesus of the New has said and done to interest and to save them. You know it is a grievous offence in a servant to trifle with a message entrusted to him—to change its emphasis or meaning, to deliver that coldly which was given earnestly and heartily.

It will be a great thing if you can make these little children love the Bible. If you can give them cheerful and loving memories and associations connected with the Divine book, it will be a great point gained. If you can show them—not simply tell them—that the Bible is not a dry, prosy and lifeless book, you have done much to start them well on life's mysterious pathway.—*Sunday-School Teacher.*

CASH AND CHARACTER.

Let not cash seem more important to you than character. Better to die poor than to live dishonestly. Satan is trying to convince many people that riches are more desirable than integrity, but let us not be ignorant of his wicked devices, nor be caught in his clever snares.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.—JULY 30.

PAUL AT EPHESUS.—Acts 19:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 2-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—John 16:13.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 18:18-28.—Paul's Third Missionary Journey.
T. Acts 19:1-12.—Paul at Ephesus.
W. Luke 3:1-18.—John's Baptism.
Th. Acts 2:1-21.—The Baptism of the Spirit.
F. John 1:35-51.—Faith in Jesus Christ.
S. Gal. 3. 22-29.—Baptized into Christ.
S. Eph. 3:14-21.—Growth in Grace and Knowledge.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Spirit Given, vs. 1-7.
II. The Spirit Resisted, vs. 8, 9.
III. The Spirit Received, vs. 10-12.

TIME.—A.D. 54 to A.D. 57: Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Agrippa II. king of Chalcis and Trachonitis.

PLACE.—Ephesus, the chief city of Asia Minor.

OPENING WORDS.

Paul, after spending a year and a half at Corinth, went to Ephesus, thence to Cæsarea and then to Jerusalem. Thence he passed to Antioch in Syria, thus completing his second missionary journey, about the year 51. After spending some time at Antioch, he began his third missionary journey, first passing through Galatia and Phrygia (Acts 18:23), and coming for the second time to Ephesus.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Upper coasts*—"upper country;" Galatia, Phrygia, etc. (Acts 18:23), farther inland and elevated above the coast plains. *Ephesus*—a city of Asia Minor forty miles south of Smyrna, especially noted for its temple of Diana. *Certain disciples*—only partially acquainted with Christian truth. 2. *Have ye*—Revised Version, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?" *We have not heard*—that is, nothing was said about him. They had received Jesus as the Christ, but had neither received nor heard of the special gift of the Holy Ghost. 3. *Unto what*—"into what." *Unto John's baptism*—into what was taught by John and confirmed by his baptism. 4. *Paul said*—John preached repentance and a Saviour to come, but the Messiah whom he foretold has appeared in Jesus, and ye are now to believe in him. 5. *Baptized*—with Christian baptism. 6. *Came on them*—with special miraculous gifts, as upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost. 8. *The kingdom of God*—the religion of Jesus. 9. *Were hardened*—by a wilful rejection of the truth. *Separated the disciples*—took them away from the Jews in the synagogue. *The school of Tyrannus*—the place where Tyrannus taught. 10. *Two years*—after he left the synagogue. His whole stay in Ephesus lasted three years (Acts 20:31). *Asia*—the Roman province of which Ephesus was the capital.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long did Paul remain at Corinth? Describe his return to Antioch in Syria. Whom did he leave at Ephesus? What countries did he first visit on his third missionary journey? Who came to Ephesus at that time? What is said of Apollos? By whom was he further instructed? What mission did he then undertake? With what results? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE SPIRIT GIVEN, vs. 1-7.—Whom did Paul find at Ephesus? What did he ask them? What was their reply? What further did Paul ask? What answer did they give? What did Paul then say to them? What was then done? What followed their baptism?

II. THE SPIRIT RESISTED, vs 8, 9.—Where in Ephesus did Paul first preach? For how long? What was the great subject of his preaching? How was his preaching received? How did these unbelievers show their opposition? What did Paul then do?

III. THE SPIRIT RECEIVED, vs. 10-12.—How long did he continue his preaching in the school of Tyrannus? What were the fruits of his labors? What special miracles were wrought by Paul's hands? Why were these uncommon powers given him?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should seek the help of the Holy Spirit, that we may grow in knowledge and grace.
2. God will bless us in the diligent use of our opportunities.
3. Rejection of Christ hardens the heart.
4. God honors the ministry of his faithful servants.
5. The best evidence of Christianity is found in the work it does.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Paul do with some of John's disciples at Ephesus? Ans. He baptized them in the name of the Lord Jesus?
2. What followed their baptism? Ans. The Holy Ghost came on them, and they spake with tongues and prophesied.
3. Where did Paul preach in Ephesus? Ans. First for three months in the synagogue, and then for two years in the school of Tyrannus.
4. By whom was the gospel heard? Ans. By all who dwelt in Asia, both Jews and Gentiles.
5. What miracles were wrought by the hand of Paul? Ans. The sick were healed, and evil spirits were cast out.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 6, 1893.

PAUL AT MILETUS.—Acts 20:22-35.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 31, 32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God."—Heb. 13:7.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 19:13-41.—Paul at Ephesus.
T. Acts 20:1-16.—Paul at Troas.
W. Acts 20:17-38.—Paul at Miletus.
Th. Eph. 1:1-23.—Paul's Message to the Ephesians
F. Eph. 2:1-22.—God's Grace to the Ephesians.
S. Eph. 6:10-24.—Farewell to the Ephesians.
S. Rev. 2:1-7.—An Epistle to the Ephesians.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Pastor's Farewell. vs. 22-27.
II. A Solemn Charge, vs. 28-30.
III. A Faithful Ministry, vs. 31-35.

TIME.—April A.D. 58; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Agrippa II. king of Trachonitis, etc.

PLACE.—Miletus, a city of Ionia in Asia Minor, thirty miles south of Ephesus.

OPENING WORDS.

From Ephesus Paul went through Macedonia to Corinth, where he remained three months. Returning through Macedonia, he sailed from Philippi to Paphos, where he remained seven days. Thence he continued his voyage until he came to Miletus. From Miletus he sent for the elders of the church at Ephesus. They promptly obeyed his summons, and he spoke to them the farewell words found in this lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

22. *Bound in the spirit*—under a strong constraint of duty. 24. *Move me*—disturb my purpose to go on. *Finish my course*—end my life and work. 26. *Take you to record*—Revised Version, "testify unto you." *Pure from the blood*—see Ezek. 3:18-21. 27. *All the counsel*—the whole plan of redemption as revealed in the gospel. 28. *Yourselves*—your own safety and salvation. *The flock*—the church of which they had the care. *Overseers*—a literal translation of the word elsewhere rendered "bishops." The same persons are in verse 17 called elders or presbyters. See Titus 1:5-7. *To feed*—to "shepherd," to care for and protect. John 21:17. *With his own blood*—Rom. 3:25; Gal. 1:4; 1 Peter 1:18, 19. 29. *Grievous wolves*—false teachers: Matt. 7:15; 10:16. 30. *Of your own selves*—of your own number. *Perverse things*—perversion of gospel truth. 32. *Inheritance*—the final blessings and rewards of redemption. 34. *These hands have ministered*—see Acts 18:3; 1 Cor. 4:12; 9:6. But he clearly teaches that ministers of the gospel are to be supported by those to whom they minister. 1 Cor. 9:1-15; 2 Cor. 11:7-12; 12:13-16. 35. *So laboring*—as the apostle did. *The words of the Lord Jesus*—not recorded in the gospels, but told by those who heard him.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What places did Paul visit in going from Ephesus to Miletus? For whom did he send at Miletus? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A PASTOR'S FAREWELL, vs. 22-27.—What did Paul say to the elders? How had he lived among them? Who had opposed him? What did he say of his work? Of his preaching? Where was he now going? What did he know? How did this knowledge affect him? What was he ready to do? What was his great aim? What did he say of the future? What declaration did he make? What had he not shunned?

II. A SOLEMN CHARGE, vs. 28-30.—What solemn charge did Paul give the elders? Who had made them overseers of the flock? What was their duty to the church? Who would come in among them? What trouble would arise among themselves?

III. A FAITHFUL MINISTRY, vs. 31-35.—What were they urged to do? What were they to remember? To whom did Paul commend them? What did he declare about himself? What had he shown them? What words of our Lord did he quote? What followed Paul's address?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Dangers and afflictions must not deter us from duty.
2. We must take heed to ourselves, to our own lives, if we would do good to others.
3. We have been purchased with the blood of Christ; we therefore belong to him, and should live to him.
4. If faithful and watchful, we shall secure a rich inheritance at last.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Paul say in view of bonds and imprisonments? Ans. None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself.
2. What confident declaration did he make? Ans. I take you to record that I am pure from the blood of all men.
3. What solemn charge did he give the Ephesian elders? Ans. Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers.
4. What did he predict would happen after his departure? Ans. False teachers would come in to draw the disciples after them.
5. In what words did he commend them to God? Ans. I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed.
I struck him, and dismissed
With hard words, and unkissed,—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breat
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou remembercst of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"
—*Coventry Patmore.*

SOUPS.

To make nutritious, healthful and palatable soup, with proper flavors, is an art which requires study and practice, but it is surprising from what scant material a delicate and appetizing dish may be produced. The best base for soup is fresh lean meat, a pound to a quart of water, to which may be added chicken, turkey, or mutton bones well broken up. A mixture of beef, mutton and veal, all cut fine, with a bit of ham bone, makes a higher flavored soup than any single meat. The legs of all animals are rich in gelatine, an important constituent in soup.

Soups that make the principal part of a meal should be richer than those which precede meat courses.

When remnants of cooked meats are used, chop fine, crush the bones, add all ends of roasts and fatty parts, and the brown fat of the roast; make the day previous to using; strain, and set away over night; skim off the fat, and it is ready to heat and serve.

If soup is desired for a first course, daily, a soup kettle should be provided, and all the bones and bits of meat left from the meal thrown into it; also bits of vegetables, bread, and the gravies left from roast meat and cutlets. In this way nothing is lost, while the soup can be varied by different seasonings. Every two or three days, the contents of the kettle should be turned out, the soup drained off, and the kettle thoroughly washed and scalded; otherwise the soup will soon lose flavor and become stale.

In using fresh meat, cut the pieces into the required amount of cold water, let stand until the juice of the meat begins to color it, then put on to simmer. The soup is done when the meat is juiceless.

Seasonings for soups may be varied to suit tastes, the simplest having only salt and pepper, while the richest may have a little of many savors, so delicately blended that no one is conspicuous. The best soup is that whose flavor is made from the blending of many. No measure can be given, because the good soup maker must be a skilful taster. There must be a flavor of salt, that it be not insipid, still it must not be salty; there must be a warmth from the pepper, but not its taste; the flavor and richness of sugar, but not its sweetness; in short, the flavoring should be delicate rather than profuse.

For brown soups, dark spices may be used; for white ones, mace, aromatic seeds, cream and curry. Many herbs, either fresh or dried, such as sage, thyme, sweet marjoram, mint, sweet basil, parsley, bay leaves, cloves, mace, mustard, celery seed, and onions, and all choice catsups and sauces, are used as seasoning.

Rice, sago, pearl barley, vermicelli, macaroni, etc., are valuable additions to meat soups. The first three are used in the proportion of half a teacupful to three quarts of soup. Rice requires half to three quarters of an hour's boiling in the soup; sago cooks in fifteen minutes; barley should be soaked over night, boiled by itself in a little water till tender, and added to the soup just before serving. Vermicelli and macaroni should be broken small, and cooked in the soup for half an hour.

If soup is wanted without vegetables, it should be thickened by smoothing three tablespoonfuls of flour or three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch in a little cold water to each quart of soup. Stir it in slowly and constantly as the soup boils, so it will not lump. Thickened soups require more seasoning than thin ones. If wanted very clear and delicate they should be strained.

Always use cold water for all soups; skim well, especially the first hour. Keep the kettle covered closely, so that the flavor may not be lost, and simmer slowly that it be not reduced by evaporation; if it does cook away add more water. Vegetables should be added just long enough before the soup is done to allow them to cook thoroughly.

For coloring and flavoring soups, use caramel, browned flour, onions, fried brown, or meat with cloves in it, or browned in butter.

Caramel for Soups.—Put one teacupful sugar and two teaspoonfuls water, over the fire. Stir constantly till it is a dark color, then add a half teacupful of water and a pinch of salt, let boil for a few minutes and when cold bottle.—*Clara Sensibaugh Everts, in the Housekeeper.*

A CONVENIENT IRONING BOARD.

My husband took a board, six feet long by fourteen inches wide, planed it nicely, cut off the corners at one end, making a rounded point, bored a hole in the round end to hang it by, and then handed it over to me to finish. I took a blanket, folded four thicknesses, folded double over this a flour sack that had been ripped and washed, and tacked the whole smoothly on the board.

Fifteen inches of the board was left bare on each end. On the square end I tacked four thicknesses of cloth in each corner, to wipe my iron on; this is better than a loose cloth as it is always there when wanted, and can easily be replaced when soiled or worn out. On this same end I screwed an iron "stand" to set the hot iron on. On the under side of the board I tacked a pocket of ticking to keep the holders in and a bit of beeswax, tied in a rag to rub over the irons when sticky.

This board hangs behind a door against the wall, takes no room wanted for anything else, and when I want to iron my tools are all together. No doubt those who have a patent board on legs will not think much of mine but I think this laid between two tables or other convenient support must be as good.—*Practical Prue.*

LOOK TO YOUR CELLARS

Decaying vegetable matter is very poisonous, more than decaying animal matter. Look to your cellars is the thought on this line. Left-over vegetables will decay and taint the air, though the sense of smell in some people is so blunted as not to detect readily. I call to mind a case in point. A lady entered a neighboring house. She sniffed gingerly when near the cellar-door, and said with elevated nose 'Something is in your cellar.' That cellar was searched. Windows opened and light of day permitted to enter. The village resource in house-cleaning called, and water and lime freely applied. Every barrel and receptacle but one was carried out. That was thought to be empty. After such an investigation, the lady with the nose was saluted with, 'Now you smell the cellar all right?' But she affirmed the same odor was there; the cellar was not all right. Again they fell to work—confidence in the smell, you see—and that last barrel was interviewed. Here was the cunning spoiler. It was nearly a third full of decaying cranberries, with a board (barrelhead) so nicely fitted over them it was supposed to be empty. It was in a dark, unused corner, and not thought worth while to remove.

Now the cellar was clean. But suppose it had remained? It must have tainted everything with which it came in contact more or less. Some articles of food, like butter and milk, very readily absorb bad gases, thereby carrying disease and death. Children as a rule are more susceptible than grown people. Diseases, diphtheria for instance, fasten more readily upon them. There is no doubt in my mind but an impure cellar has been the cause many times of diphtheria and kindred diseases when the scourge has gone through the family, often with death as the result. The points I have hit upon are perhaps the commonest of health talks, yet they are highly essential, of utmost importance, and we are not liable to have attention called to them too often.

Better sanitary means must be had, better results accomplished before the health of our country is materially improved, and individuals in quiet country homes may lead the good reform.

A PIECE OF ECONOMY.

'I cannot afford it, Mary.'

'Why not, Aunt Lucy?'

'Oh! for several reasons. This has been an expensive year. There was father laid up for six weeks in February and March with rheumatism, and the doctor coming every day. The bill will be enormous. Then Susie's outfit for college will have to be provided this summer, and the old parlor carpet cannot be turned or mended any more. We'll have to get a new one. No, I can not afford it.'

'But, suppose you wear yourself out, and have an illness!'

'That isn't likely, Mary. I'm tough as whip-cord. Why, I'm never ill.'

'But never won't last forever, dear.'

'My mind is made up, Mary.'

Mrs. Timrod's lips set themselves resolutely, and Mary Vane said no more. She picked up her bundles, she had been shopping, and went on, calling for a moment at the home of another aunt.

Half the village were Vanes, and the other half Timrods, so that Mary could rest in the houses of her kindred as often as she felt disposed.

'Aunt Hannah!' she began, without preface, 'Aunt Lucy has dismissed Phebe Jane, and she is going to do her own work this summer, and her own house-cleaning.'

'I thought the house-cleaning was done, or put off or something.'

'It was put off because uncle was ill, and really, there isn't so much to do, for the house is as neat as a pin, but you know how thorough Aunt Lucy always is. There won't be a closet, nor a shelf, nor a corner, that she will not go over. And, the truth is, Aunt Lucy is not so strong as she used to be. She's been breaking since Luther died.'

'Yes, she's never been quite the same. I think she works harder than ever to keep from thinking. Then, they have had losses, Mary. I suppose they want to save Phebe Jane's wages.'

The Vanes and the Timrods were in the habit of discussing one another with great freedom of speech. But they were quite loyal and loving at bottom, and both Hannah Timrod and Mary Vane were honestly anxious about their relative and the work she, a woman of sixty, accustomed to a comparatively easy life, was taking on herself.

She had a delicate, invalid husband, a pair of sons, young men hearty and hungry, a daughter who was teaching school and preparing for college at the same time, and who was not to be depended on for helping in the house, and she had been used to Phebe Jane, colored, capable, and strong, for five smoothly-gliding years.

Phebe Jane's wages were twelve dollars a month. Phebe Jane was packed away, very unwilling to go. The first difference it made to Mrs. Timrod was that she lost her evenings. Formerly she had spent them in resting, or knitting, or mending; in going to prayer-meeting, or talking to her husband. Now, there were 'chores' to do, dishes to wash, milk to care for, bread to mix and knead. In the morning she had to rise an hour earlier than of old. Her smooth forehead began to pucker. Her knees grew tired.

The cleaning was done, and well done. Mrs. Timrod had too much 'grit' or obstinacy in her composition to shirk anything. But when the last nail had been driven, the new carpet, costing Phebe Jane's wages for a twelvemonth, laid on the parlor floor, and the house clean and fresh as soap and strength could make it, seemed like a sentient thing to smile almost scornfully into the face of its mistress, Mrs. Timrod gave up and went to bed.

The doctor was sent for, and shook his head. 'Looks like a run of fever,' he said. 'I've been afraid of it.' Mary Vane came to nurse her aunt. Phebe Jane, not suited with a place, looked in for a friendly chat, and Mary detained her.

Before she had finished the account of her piece of economy, it cost Mrs. Timrod eight weeks of suffering and weakness, one hundred and fifty dollars, and a whole year of feebleness.

Economy is sometimes a two-edged sword.—*Laura Parsons, in Christian at Work.*

COST OF FOOD.

Undoubtedly a great deal more money than need be is spent for food even by those who think they are experts in marketing and economizing. A communication to the New York *Tribune* not long ago stated that the management of Yale Commons was much elated over the fact that excellent board had been furnished to 500 students for the past three months at a cost of $3.95 each per week. Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, who speaks from practical demonstration, replied that equally as good food might be furnished at half the cost, and that she has provided food for 50 students at the rate of 9 cents a meal. She says: "Many persons wonder how choice fare can be provided so cheaply. There is no secret about it. This is the way: Buy food material of good quality. Select only such as go together harmoniously. Prepare them in the best possible manner. If these rules are strictly observed all waste will be avoided and a liberal supply of excellent food can be furnished and satisfactory meals given at an astonishingly low figure."—*Worthington's Magazine.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

A Fruit Salad Dessert.—One pineapple grated, two large oranges, cut finely, one cocoanut, grated. Mix well, and sweeten to taste. Let stand an hour or two before serving. Then add two bananas, sliced thinly and serve.

Water Cress Salad.—Always cut the cress, never pull it up. Let it stand in cold water some hours; look it over and rinse; taking a handful at a time, cut and salt in layers until the dish is full. Prepare the dressing. One egg beaten thoroughly, one cupful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of prepared mustard, one heaping teaspoonful of sugar; mix and pour over the cress.

Orange Pie.—Line a pie tin with short paste. Take juice and pulp of two oranges, grated rind of one, and juice of one lemon. Add to it, five tablespoonfuls of sugar. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, and add the other ingredients to it. Let it get warm, but not hot, and add two well-beaten eggs. Taste the mixture and if not sweet enough add more sugar. Pour into the lined pie tin, cut the edges in a fancy pattern with a knife, and bake in a hot oven.

Orange and Banana Pie.—Peel three oranges removing the pith and seeds. Tear in pieces with a fork and lay them in a paste-lined pie tin. Sprinkle over them two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Peel some bananas and cut in thin slices, lengthwise. Lay them over the oranges and sprinkle a tablespoonful of sugar and the juice of an orange over them. Put a very thin top crust on the pie and bake.

Banana and Orange Custard.—Make the pie as in the above recipe, but instead of putting on an upper crust, pour over the fruit a custard made with a pint of milk, three eggs, a pinch of salt, two and a half tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little vanilla extract. This pie will be still more delicious, if, after it is baked and cool, some whipped cream is heaped on it.

Apple Custard Pie.—Peel and core some large tart apples. Slice them thin, and lay the slices in the bottom of a paste-lined pie tin. Spread over them a layer of good jam. Make a custard with the yolks of three eggs, almost a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt and almond essence. Pour the custard over the apples and jam, and bake. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, and half a cupful of powdered sugar. Lay it in little heaps on the custard. Return to the oven till lightly browned.

Lemon Pie.—Line pie tins. Thicken three cups of boiling water with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed in a little cold water. Add a large tablespoonful of butter, the juice of three lemons and the grated rind of one. Lastly stir in the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and a pinch of salt. It is a good plan to taste the mixture, and if very tart add more sugar. Tastes differ so much in the quantity of sweetening liked, that what would be just right for one, might be too tart for another. Fill the pies with the mixture (it will make two). When almost done, spread with a meringue made with whites of the eggs, and half a cupful of powdered sugar. Brown lightly.

"I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE."

(LUKE xxii : 32.)

My way was dark; and round my pathway pressing
Temptations fierce, from which I could not flee;
My soul, its utter helplessness confessing,
Rejoiced to hear those wondrous words of blessing—
"But I have prayed for thee."

"But I have prayed for thee," as though no other
Could share the Saviour's thought and sympathy;
No bruised reed He breaks, nor faint spark smothers:
He says, in tones more tender than a brother's,—
"But I have prayed for thee.'

"But I have prayed for thee,"—what intercession!
And not less precious all-prevailing plea!
"Five bleeding wounds" atone for my transgression,
And then draw forth the Saviour's sweet confession,—
"But I have prayed for thee."

"But I have prayed for thee,"—and, oh, what pleading
Is that He offers now in heaven for me!
He knows beforehand just what I am needing,
And hence at God's right hand is interceding,—
"But I have prayed for thee."

"But I have prayed for thee," the dark veil lifting,
The soul's impending danger He could see;
He yearned to save my treacherous heart from drifting,
And said, ere yet began the painful "sifting,"—
"But I have prayed for thee."

"Have prayed for thee": thus mercy outruns malice,
However swift of foot the foe may be;
And when we feast in yonder Royal Palace,
No sweeter wine than this shall fill the chalice,—
"But I have prayed for thee."

"But I have prayed for thee"—sweet consolation!
Who knows my direst need so well as He?
"Have prayed for thee": oh, wondrous revelation!
Inspiring courage for the worst temptation—
"But I have prayed for thee."

"That thy faith fail not." Christ permits no fetters
To bind the soul which He has once set free.
Oh, write again those words in living letters,
Which make our souls henceforth eternal debtors—
"But I have prayed for thee."

—*John Burnham, in Word in Work.*

BAKED TIPSYFY.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

A pretty picture Mrs. Allston made, with her fresh face and neat gown, standing by the kitchen table, holding a pie in the palm of her hand and deftly 'trimming' it, but the woman sitting by the kitchen window watched her with troubled eyes.

'I always let my mince stand over night,' said Mrs. Allston, still trimming, 'and touch it up in the morning.'

'Pamelia,' said the woman by the window, 'don't you feel a little doubtful about using brandy in your pies?'

Mrs. Allston replied smiling, and still trimming, 'Oh, not in the least. There's no tipsyfy left in a pie after it's baked. Baked brandy never harmed any one.' She set the pie aside and began filling more plates.

'Fred is so fond of mince pies—and my mince pies, he says, they can't be beat.'

'I use vinegar and grape jelly in my pies,' said the visitor, 'and Charles and the children seem to relish them as well as when I used spirits and cider.'

'I tried it that time there was such an excitement over Mrs. R——'s temperance lectures,' said Mrs. Allston with a shrug of her plump shoulders. 'Fred called them "flat;" the children found no fault. Children have such appetites!'

'Was your husband one of those who signed the pledge at that time?'

'No. Fred does not need a pledge; he is not one of the weak kind; he has a will of his own. But he is a strict temperance man, he even gave up beer and cider after those lectures.'

'Of course,' said the visitor thoughtfully, 'the brandy pies could not "tipsyfy," as you call it, but are you not afraid the flavor and the smell might arouse the old appetite?'

'Nonsense!' was all the answer, and the visitor departed with the troubled look still in her eyes.

. . . . . .

At noon there is a sound of childish voices and hurrying feet, and then a rush of cold air and cries of 'mince pies, oh!' as two rosy-cheeked children eagerly enter the pleasant kitchen. Then firmer steps are heard.

'Here we are, mother; grand day! Ah, mince pies,' and Mr. Allston pauses midway of the room to throw back his head and draw a long breath of satisfaction.

Mrs. Allston had an unusual realization of her blessings on this day. Later, when the children had rushed off again, she repeated the conversation of the morning, with many smiles and exclamations at the absurdity of it.

'I do not believe my pies would harm any one, and certainly not a man like you,' she said, proudly, resting a hand on his shoulder and looking into her husband's face with confidence.

She could not see how he shrank from that look or know that at that very moment he was fighting his old enemy. This was the first day, and there would be mince pies all winter.

How could he tell her that he was just such a weak man as could be thrown into torment by the aroma of her 'harmless' pies? He would not own it, even to himself; he despised the thought; nevertheless, the battle had begun, and every day waxed hotter, and it was not long before the enemy conquered.

His wife did not know. She knew that he often went to the city for a few days on 'business;' she know that he left the firm where he had expected to one day become a partner, because he could not 'get on' with them; she knew that he did not keep any place long after that; she knew that they grew poorer every day and that it was hard work to keep the interest on the mortgage on their little home paid. She did not wonder that in the face of all this misfortune her husband lost his bright, hearty manner, and became morose and irritable.

Two young men came home with Mr. Allston to dinner one day. Mrs. Allston knew they had been recently saved from the saloons and welcomed into the white-ribbon ranks. Many tears had been shed for them, many prayers sent up, many a battle fought.

'Don't refuse to try my mince pie,' said Mrs. Allston, 'nobody ever refuses *my* mince pie.'

A moment later one young man with an abrupt 'Excuse me, I am not feeling well,' hastily left the table and the house.

'He looked very pale,' said Mrs. Allston.

The other young man so far from looking pale was much flushed. He ate the pie with great relish and praised it, and did not refuse the second piece.

The first young man went from his friend's table to his own chamber and locked himself in. Perhaps if Mrs. Allston had seen the struggle that went on there against the fierce enemy that had roused up at her table, she would never again have called her pies 'harmless.'

The other young man left the house to go by a back entrance into another house where the old enemy was kept bottled, and came out with a small package in his coat pocket. Mrs. Allston would have gone down on her knees to that young man and prayed him to destroy that package, and yet her hand had undone the work of weeks and months, and cast this soul into toils, dire danger and darkest despair. But she did not know. She only knew that neither of her husband's friends ever came to the house again.

Fred Allston came home very slowly one day. His head dropped, his face was dark. He lingered at the door. He had lost another situation, he had lost their little home, he had lost everything, even the furniture, and he had come to tell her.

He had not thought to tell her what a weak man he was; that the drink appetite scents alcohol as the war-horse scents battle smoke, when it is so faint no one else can name it; he had not meant to upbraid her as his tempter, but when he entered the kitchen Mrs. Allston was just coming from the oven with a newly-baked pie in her hand. She knew how pleased he would be; she held it out to him, smiling, and he struck it from her hand.

Then she knew, and it was such a terrible revelation that she dropped to the floor as heavily as if he had struck her.

The Allstons moved to the city. He could get work there, he said, and she tried to reclaim him. But all her pleadings and tears and prayers could not undo the evil she had wrought. The one chance he had, was a life in the country amid wholesome and cheerful surroundings, and she had wrecked his one chance. Here in the city the enemy met him at every step, leered at him from every window, breathed out its poisonous fumes from every doorway.

And here we find them at last in a wretched tenement house attic. It is cold there, so cold. The two children have crept close to each other, and hold each other's hands for warmth and comfort, and the mother, bowed with sorrow and remorse, tries to sew by the poor light, and vaguely wonders when they will have anything to eat again. The boy has a sprained ankle, so his small earnings have ceased.

She glances from time to time toward an indistinct form stretched on a heap of rags in the corner of the room, from whence come indistinct mutterings.

There came a knock at the door and an old woman hobbled in, bearing in her hand—a pie.

'Mrs. Voce, bless her, sent me a basket to-day. I can't eat all the stuff nohow, and I thought maybe you'd like to try some of her cooking. It's mince, I know by the smell.'

Just as Fred Allston had struck the plate from his wife's hand on that darkest day of her life, so now she struck this poor offering, while the dazed soul looked on aghast, and nearly lost her equilibrium at the unexpected onset. The fire that blazed up in Mrs. Allston's eyes died out as quickly as it had kindled.

'Sit down,' she said, 'and hear me tell you how I ruined my husband. To begin with, when I went to housekeeping Mrs. Voce gave me her recipes. I know what she puts in her mince pies.'

'I will tell her,' said the old woman after the sad story had been told; 'she will not do that any more.'

'She will say it is nonsense, and keep right on, just as I did,' said Mrs. Allston.

. . . . . .

The Allstons do not live in the tenement house attic now, and the boy has a situation in Mr. Voce's office, the mother has all the sewing she can do, the father has been placed in an asylum, the daughter goes to school.

Perhaps a poor old soul who went on an errand of mercy one cold winter night could tell how it came about. Mrs. Voce has a new recipe for mince pies.

'It seems absurd,' she says, 'that there is any harm in the old recipe, but for my conscience's sake I prefer to be on the safe side.'—*Union Signal.*

HOW HE KEPT BACHELOR'S HALL.

Perhaps this story told by a boy who made a home for himself in a great, strange city, may help other boys who find themselves in a like situation. I give it in his own words:

"It was three years ago, and I was only seventeen, when I drifted to New York from the little white farmhouse in Maine. Why I left there or how I came to choose New York is not necessary to my story, I only want to tell boys who have no choice how they may live respectably and save money on even so small a salary as eight dollars a week.

"I put a little of my success down to Yankee thrift, and a great deal to the counsels and teachings of the best of mothers. I had no profession, and no especial education beyond what may be acquired by any boy who leaves school at the age of fourteen. I was a self-taught stenographer, and had only that to rely upon in getting a situation.

"At last I heard of a firm of architects in search of a stenographer.

"The salary was not large, eight dollars a week to start with. The problem of how I should live on that sum confronted me, and did not seem an easy one to solve. I found that respectable board in New York, in the smallest of rooms, cost more than I could afford to give, so I determined to make a home, since I could not find one.

"Furnished rooms were out of the question, but much searching resulted in finding an unfurnished, medium-sized room for two dollars a week. It had no closets, only a cheap paper on the wall, and shades at the windows, to make it habitable. I had not been mother's boy for nothing, however, and could sew up a seam well enough for many purposes, and handle a hammer and saw, and so I did not see the room as it actually was, but as I intended it should look with improvements which I had in my mind's eye.

"The first thing to consider was the floor, and this conundrum was settled with thirty-five cents' worth of mahogany stain, with which I stained a border of two or three feet all round the room, giving a coat of varnish afterward that cost fifteen cents more.

"I haunted second-hand stores until I found a presentable second-hand Kensington Art rug, for three dollars. A new cot with woven wire springs, and mattress and pillow, cost five dollars. The little mother in Maine sent me furnishings for this. An old-fashioned wooden "Boston rocker" and a Shaker arm-chair cost a dollar and a half each, and these articles, for the time being, completed the furnishing of my little den.

"Next I fitted up a commissary department, for I meant to be my own cook, dining at a restaurant, by way of variety, when I felt that I could afford the extra expense. There was a recess a foot deep on either side of the chimney; one of these I fitted with three shelves and dubbed my kitchen. It looked empty enough at first with my tiny gas-stove and my solitary plate, cup and saucer, but it filled up gradually as my housekeeping became more complicated.

"In the other recess I fitted a board six and a-half feet from the floor, with hooks for clothes screwed underneath and in the moulding which ran along the wall under it. In front of both of these compartments I stretched curtains of cheap cretonne, shirred on wires.

"For a long while my only table was the flat top of my trunk, but when a cheap little deal table came in my way, I bought it and concealed its homeliness under a bright table cover.

"When I began to give attention to the cuisine of my batchelor quarters I found that I could live very well on three dollars a week. I preferred my simple breakfast of oatmeal and milk, coffee and a roll or bun far more than the chop or steak served at a cheap boarding-house. My utensils were few and not too complicated for my boyish skill: A tiny kettle and coffee-pot; a double boiler for cereals, and a pan for my chops and oysters.

"After a while I could afford to take my meals at a restaurant, but I still sometimes give little bachelor oysters or chocolate parties to one or two of my chums. I have added to my possessions from time to time until I most thankfully say, 'There's no place like home.' You can't get in mischief when you live by yourself, and such companions as I have found have been of my own choosing, and not forced upon me by the gregariousness of a boarding-house table."

The bright-faced boy who told me this story invited me to see his room, and I found it as neat and cheery as himself.

It pays to train the boys so that when they must leave the home nest they shall carry with them its shielding influences.—*Alice Chittenden in Household.*

SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness isolates.—When we make it the end of our existence to accumulate for ourselves any kind of advantage, we sever the ties which God has drawn to bind us to our fellow-men. What can be more pathetic than the spectacle of a mere rich man, who has not a friend outside his family circle, who is followed everywhere by the detectives he employs to guard a life which is valuable only to himself. Well might it be said of such a man, by the artist who painted his picture, that he had the look of a hunted animal. But this is no more than an extreme illustration of a tendency which is more or less present in all lives. We can maintain wholesome and true relations with our fellows only by refusing to make ourselves the centre to which we refer everything. 'That way madness lies,' while the only true sanity is in forgetting self in the joy of service to our fellow-men and to God.—*Sunday-School Times.*

TWO SYRIAN CITIES.

ACRE.

The ridge of Carmel forms the southern arm of the wide and beautiful bay, the northern shore of which projects like a spur into the Mediterranean. On this spur, little more than a reef, we see the minarets and white roofs of Acre, from which the bay derives its name.

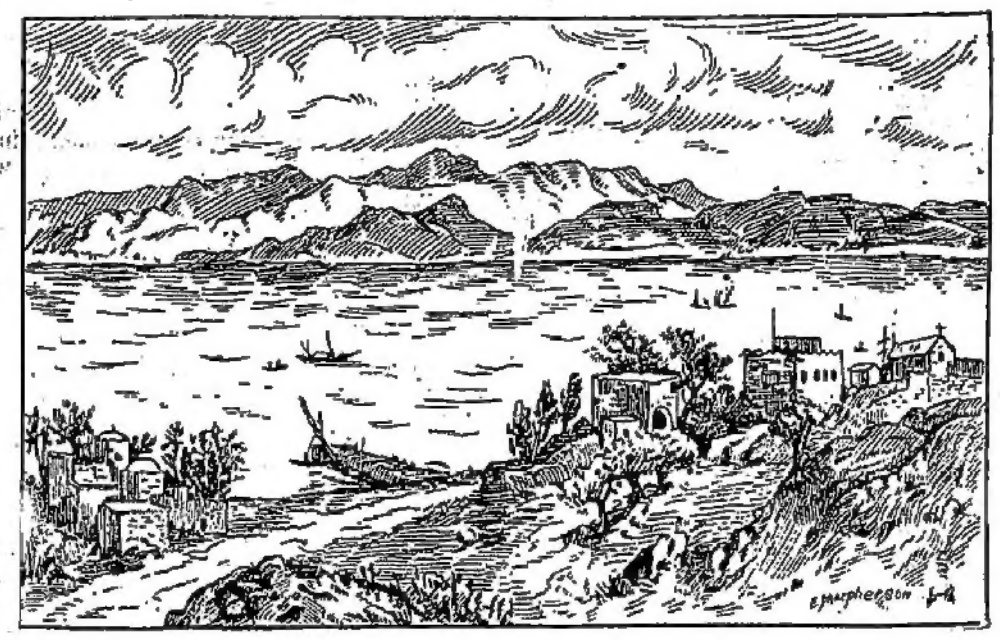
RUINS OF TYRE.

The ancient name of Acre was Akko. In the Greek Testament it is known as Ptolemais. Here St. Paul tarried for a whole day and saluted the brethren on his way from Tyre to Cæsarea. We know that Christianity was early planted in the place, and that a long line of Bishops of Ptolemais may be traced in the early annals of church history. It has been of deep historic interest ever since the dawn of Christianity. Indeed, it is a central point in the record of the long struggle between the East and the West, which has been going on from the fall of the Roman empire to the days of Napoleon I. To the Crusaders, Ptolemais or Acre was the key of Palestine. It was beset by a succession of sieges for 200 years, and was the last city over which the flag of the Crusaders floated. Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, Saladin, Guy of Lusignan have their names written in letters of blood on the page of Acre's history. Its ramparts were scaled by the flower of Christian or Islam chivalry, as the stronghold was in turn held and assailed by the Crescent or the Cross. It was Melek Khalil who finally stormed the fortress of Acre when it was in possession of the Crusaders, and drove the last red-cross knight from the shores of Palestine. The importance of Acre as a strategic centre was seen by Napoleon in 1799, when, after the battle of Tabor, he besieged the place, and was repulsed by Sir Sidney Smith. Monuments to British soldiers may still be seen in some of the side alleys of this miry Oriental city, and witness to the struggle between the first consul and the English general. The French made eight separate attempts to carry the place, but the British blue-jackets were at hand to aid the feeble Turkish garrison, and the citadel was held to the end.

To the eye of the traveller, as he looks over the bay of Acre, the groups of towers and buildings which compose the city seem almost to form an island. They rise from a plain a little above the level of the sea, and appear to be disjoined from the mainland. There is not a tree to be seen in the neighborhood, though once dense forests extended east-ward from the ramparts of the ocean-stronghold. The plain from which the castled promontory runs out is absolutely waste and houseless. Anciently there was a harbor, protected by a mole. Now sand and sea-drift have choked the entrance to it and only small craft can float through the passage. The walls of the city still stand, although they are crumbling into ruin, and at the landing place there frowns a strong bastion, entered by a city gate. This gate leads to the principal street of the dirty little town of modern Acre, with its shabby coffee-houses, its mean morgues and bazaars, and its miry pavement. It is melancholy to come upon fragments of granite and marble, evidently built at one time into gorgeous temples and palaces, but now propping the wall of a hovel, or mouldering Khan. Acre has scarcely recovered from the desolation to which the victory of Kalil reduced it, after being the centre of European warfare: when, in the words of Gibbon 'a mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded to the world's debate.'

Tyre has been a city of many generations and of many races. It has been Syrian, Greek, Mohammedan and Christian in turn. Every New Tyre stood on the same islet, and almost on the same foundation as its predecessors. Now a heap of debris, of sand, ashes and fragments are all that remain of that city which once was the wealthiest and most magnificent of the Eastern sea-ports. A new city of squatters, fishermen, and peasants, has arisen with its labyrinth of narrow streets, and dirty bazaars. On the rocks of the shore the fishermen spread their nets, and the only important relic which stands above ground is the Cathedral of the Crusaders, of which some pillars and three apses still remain. The best description of the present condition of Tyre is that of the prophet Ezekiel, written at the time when the prosperity of the city seemed as assured and permanent as that of New York to-day.

Sidon, the metropolis of Phœnicia, is one of the oldest cities of the world. Homer mentions it, and Joshua calls it "Great Sidon." It presents a noble picture even in its ruins. Our illustration shows us Kutat-el-Bahr, 'the castle of the sea.' It is a mediæval building, though the materials of its walls probably belonged to much earlier structures. The two churches of the Crusaders have become morgues. The most interesting remains at Sidon are its cemeteries, some of them consisting of grottoes, wherein appear sarcophagi of



BAY OF ACRE.

marble and lead. In these cemeteries are buried many generations, from the ancient Canaanite occupation, to the Roman conquest of Syria. Among the important 'finds' which come from these burial caves is the black basalt sarcophagus of Ashmunazar, king of Sidon, now deposited in the Louvre. Upon it is an inscription of 990 words in the Phœnician language.—*The Churchman.*

THE QUEEN'S ADVICE.

An English ambassador to one of the great Eastern empires had the misfortune to lose his wife while she was performing the gracious duties of her high office. The bereaved nobleman—one of the most distinguished of living diplomatists—was so stricken by his loss that he felt the need of having his two daughters by his side; but these were young girls, in school in far-off England. Unable to endure the gloom cast over the magnificent embassy by the death of its mistress, the ambassador sailed for home to bring his daughters eastward.

On the eve of their departure from England for the country in which her father held official position, the elder of the girls was surprised by an invitation to lunch with Queen Victoria. Lady Mary—as we will call her—was a true-hearted English girl, and had many of the high ideals of her dead mother.

After the lunch the queen led her into a private room, and taking her hands, said:

'Lady Mary, you are leaving England to take at your father's side your mother's place in the high position which he holds.' The girl flushed with surprise, for this was the first intimation she had received of the real nature of her future. That she must fulfil the difficult and delicate public duties falling to the wife of an ambassador had not been explained to her. She made a gesture of appeal, which the queen checked.

"You are of the same age that I was," continued the queen, gravely, "when I was called to the duties of a Queen of England. I do not expect you at once to do all that your mother was able to do. She was one of the rarest flowers of England. I shall not advise you about this duty or that in detail. Knowledge will come with the every day requirements of the position, But I wish you to carry out with you one suggestion from me which I hope you will not forget. You will meet many people, my dear, whom you will not understand and many whom you cannot love. Bury the bad in people, and always seek for the good. Do this, and with the intelligence and good judgment which I am sure you have, England will soon honor you as she has honored your mother.

The queen kissed the girl gently upon her forehead, and the interview was soon closed.

It is not hard to understand why the British people love their queen, when we hear such true incidents of her private life as this.

Lady Mary went forth with her father to her high duties and large opportunities for doing good or ill. A recent resident of the empire, who has had every social opportunity for acquaintance with the ambassador's family and with the most exclusive drawing-rooms of its capital, lately told the writer that the career of this young girl in ambassadorial circles had been a remarkable one. The Queen's personal advice had evidently done much toward crystalizing a naturally fine character into one of uncommon strength, and usefulness. Such an earnest and devout young life in diplomatic society made it natural for men and women brought into contact with it to be the best, and to do the best. Even the most unpromising attache became a better man for meeting her. He had to, for her white hands 'buried the bad,' and kept alive the 'good' in him.

Victoria's advice was both queenly and womanly. It touched the sources of a royal truth. The Christian queen knew well the power of a pure, divinely influenced life, that seeks in human hearts only that which is good and true. Her own life has exemplified it.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW DOES THE SHOE FIT?

How would you like to have this put on your tombstone?

'He never went to church with a smile on his face in his life.'

Or this: 'In the way of giving he robbed God right and left.'

Or this: 'In the prayer-meeting he killed the meeting whenever he spoke.'

Or this: 'He professed in public to have religion, but his wife knew he hadn't.'

Or this: 'Nobody in his employ ever suspected that he had been converted.'

Or this: 'There was nothing in his behavior on railways or steamboats to make anybody think he belonged to church.'

Or this: 'He paid a big price for his pew, but nothing but fear of consequences made him behave himself.'

Or this: 'His wife would about as soon go to jail as ask him for money enough to buy a dress.'

Or this: 'He was a good preacher, but nobody ever found out what else he was good for.'

Or this: 'Her children scarcely knew the meaning of the name mother.'

Or this: 'She was pleasant away from home, but as cross as a bear in her own house.'

Or this: 'She powdered her face and filed her tongue every day of her life.'

Or this: 'She claimed to love the Lord, but nobody ever heard her say a good word for anybody else.'—*Ram's Horn.*

HELEN KELLER.

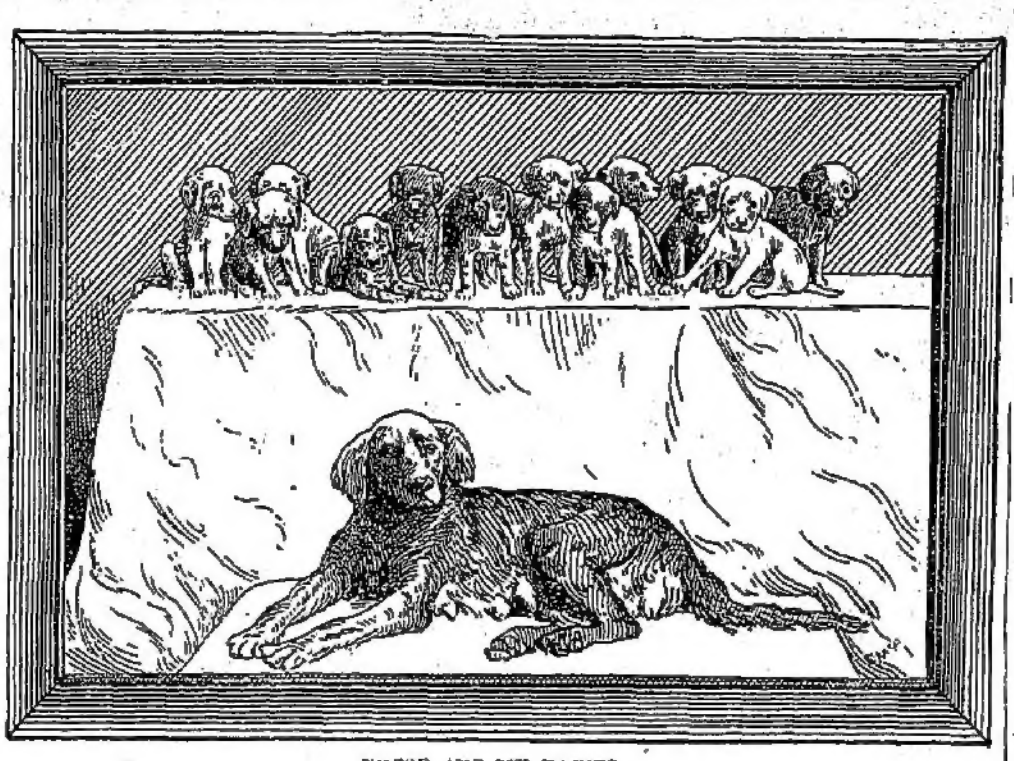
Helen Keller, the remarkable child who, although born blind and deaf and dumb, has accomplished so much that is beautiful and inspiring, numbers among her friends many persons of royal station in European Courts who never saw her. One of these is the Queen of Greece, who learned of Helen through Michael Anagnos the director of the Institution for the Blind, when he visited Greece some time ago. The interest the Queen took in Helen was so intense that she exacted from Mr. Anagnos a promise that he would let her read every letter that Helen wrote to him while he was at the Greek capital.

The Queen expressed on more than one occasion her surprise that Helen, who is not yet in her teens, should have so remarkable a command of the purest English, and hinted that the child might have had some assistance in the preparation of her wonderful letters. But Mr. Anagnos disposed of that thought by informing her Majesty that there was no person connected with the institution who could write English so faultlessly as Helen wrote, since the little girl never had had any opportunity to form acquaintance with any but the loftiest models of the language.

Helen has learned to articulate, and can speak as freely and fully as any unafflicted person. When she wishes to hold a long conversation with anybody dear to her, she places one finger across the lips of the speaker and another on the throat at the larynx. In this way she understands every word that is uttered as rapidly as could be understood by a person with good eyesight and hearing.—*Boston Globe.*

WHENEVER YOU CANNOT SEE anything good in other people, you can make up your mind you need revival in your own heart.

SIDON.



THESE ARE MY BABIES.

From a Photograph.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER IX.

"St. George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbors near."
—*Marmion.*

OH, Jemima! Jemima! I know you are very kind, and I do mean not to be impatient; but either you're telling stories or you're talking nonsense, and that's a fact. How can you say that that blue stuff is a beautiful match and will wash the exact color, and that you're sure I shall like it when it's made up with a cord and tassels, when it's not the blue I want, and when you know the men in hospital haven't any tassels to their dressing-gowns at all! You're as bad as that horrid shopman who made me so angry. If I had not been obliged to be good, I should have liked to hit him hard with my crutch, when he kept on saying he knew I should prefer a shawl-one. Oh, here comes father! Now, that's right; he'll know. Father dear, is this blue pattern the same color as that?"

"Certainly not. But what's the matter, my child?"

"It's about my dressing-gown; and I do get so tired about it, because people will talk nonsense, and won't speak the truth, and won't believe I know what I want myself. Now, I'll tell you what I want. Do you know the hospital lines?"

"In the camp? Yes."

"And you've seen all the invalids walking about in blue dressing-gowns and little red ties?"

"Yes. Charming bits of color."

"Hurrah! that's just it! Now, father, dear, if you wanted a dressing-gown exactly like that, would you have one made of this?"

"Not if I knew it! Crude, coarse, staring—please don't wave it in front of my eyes, unless you want to make me feel like a bull with a red rag before him!"

"Oh, father dear, you are sensible! (Jemima, throw this pattern away please!) But you'd have felt far worse if you'd seen the shawl-pattern lined with crimson. Oh, I do wish I could have seen a bull that wasn't obliged to be *lætus* for half a minute, to give that shopman just one toss! But I believe the best way to do will be as O'Reilly says—get Uncle Henry to buy me a real one out of store, and have it made smaller for me. And I should like it 'out of store.'"

From this conversation it will be seen that Leonard's military bias knew no change. Had it been less strong he could only have served to intensify the pain of the heart-breaking associations which anything connected with the troops now naturally raised in his parents' minds. But it was a sore subject that fairly healed itself.

The camp had proved a more cruel neighbor than the master of the house had ever imagined in his forebodings; but it also proved a friend. For if the high, ambitious spirit, the ardent imagination, the vigorous will, which fired the boy's fancy for soldiers and soldier-life, had thus led to his calamity, they found in that sympathy with men of hardihood and lives of discipline, not only an interest that never failed and that lifted the sufferer out of himself, but a constant incentive to those virtues of courage and patience for which he struggled with touching conscientiousness.

Then, without disparagement to the earnestness of his efforts to be good, it will be well believed that his parents did their best to make goodness easy to him. His vigorous individuality still swayed the plans of the household, and these came to be regulated by those of the camp to a degree which half annoyed and half amused its master.

The "Asholt Gazette" was delivered as regularly as the "Times;" but on special occasions, the arrangements for which were only known the night before, O'Reilly or some other orderly might be seen wending his way up the Elm avenue by breakfast-time, "with Colonel Jones' compliments, and the orders of the day for the young gentleman." And so many were the military displays at which Leonard contrived to be present, that the associations of pleasure and alleviation with parades and manœuvres came at last almost to blot out the associations of pain connected with that fatal field-day.

He drove about a great deal, either among air-cushions in the big carriage or in a sort of perambulator of his own, which was all too easily pushed by any one, and by the side of which The Sweep walked slowly and contentedly, stopping when Leonard stopped, wagging his tail when Leonard spoke, and keeping sympathetic step to the invalid's pace with four sinewy black legs, which were young enough and strong enough to have ranged for miles over the heather hills and never felt fatigue. A true dog friend.

What the master of the house pleasantly called "our military mania," seemed to have reached its climax during certain July manœuvres of the regiments stationed at Asholt, and of additional troops who lay out under canvas in the surrounding country.

Into this mimic campaign Leonard threw himself heart and soul. His camp friends furnished him with early information of the plans for each day, so far as the generals of the respective forces allowed them to get wind, and with an energy that defied his disabilities he drove about after "the armies," and then scrambled on his crutches to points of vantage where the carriage could not go.

And the master of the house went with him.

The house itself seemed soldier-bewitched. Orderlies were as plentiful as rooks among the elm-trees. The staff clattered in and out, and had luncheon at unusual hours, and strewed the cedar-wood hall with swords and cocked hats, and made low bows over Lady Jane's hand, and rode away among the trees.

These were weeks of pleasure and enthusiasm for Leonard, and of not less delight for The Sweep; but they were followed by an illness.

That Leonard bore his sufferings better helped to conceal the fact that they undoubtedly increased; and he over-fatigued himself and got a chill, and had to go to bed, and took The Sweep to bed with him.

And it was when he could play at no "soldier-game," except that of "being in hospital," that he made up his mind to have a blue dressing-gown of regulation color and pattern, and met with the difficulties aforesaid in carrying out his whim.

CHAPTER X.

"Fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remember me of all his gracious parts,
Stuff out his vacant garments with his form."
—*King John*, Act iii.

LONG years after they were written, a bundle of letters lay in the drawer of a cabinet in Lady Jane's morning-room, carefully kept, each in its own envelope, and every envelope stamped with the post-mark of Asholt Camp.

They were in Leonard's handwriting. A childish hand, though good for his age, but round and clear as his own speech.

After much coaxing and considering, and after consulting with the doctors, Leonard had been allowed to visit the barrack-master and his wife. After his illness he was taken to the seaside, which he liked so little that he was bribed to stay there by the promise that, if the doctor would allow it, he should, on his return, have the desire of his heart, and be permitted to live for a time "in camp," and sleep in a hut.

The doctor gave leave. Small quarters would neither mar nor mend an injured spine; and if he felt the lack of space and luxuries to which he was accustomed, he would then be content to return home.

The barrack-master's hut only boasted one spare bed-chamber for visitors, and when Leonard and his dog were in it there was not much elbow-room. A sort of cupboard was appropriated for the use of Jemima, and Lady Jane drove constantly into camp to see her son. Meanwhile he proved a very good correspondent, as his letters will show for themselves.

LETTER I.

"Barrack-Master's Hut.
"The Camp, Asholt.

"My dear, dear mother: I hope you are quite well, and father also. I am very happy, and so is The Sweep. He tried sleeping on my bed last night, but there was not room, though I gave him as much as ever I could. So he slept on the floor. It is a camp bed, and folds up if you want it to. We have nothing like it. It belonged to a real general. The general is dead. Uncle Henry bought it at his sale. You always have a sale if you die, and your brother-officers buy your things to pay your debts. Sometimes you get them very cheap. I mean the things.

"The drawers fold up, too. I mean the chest of drawers, and so does the wash-hand stand. It goes into the corner, and takes up very little room. There couldn't be a bigger one, or the door would not open—the one that leads into the kitchen. The other door leads into a passage. I like having the kitchen next me. You can hear everything. You can hear O'Reilly come in in the morning, and I call to him to open my door, and he says, 'Yes, sir,' and opens it, and lets The Sweep out for a run, and takes my boots. And you can hear the tap of the boiler running with your hot water before she brings it, and you can smell the bacon frying for breakfast.

"Aunt Adelaide was afraid I should not like being woke up so early, but I do. I waked a good many times. First with the gun. It's like a very short thunder, and shakes you. And then the bugle-play. Father would like them. And then right away in the distance—trumpets. And the air comes in so fresh at the window. And you pull up the clothes, if they've fallen off you, and go to sleep again. Mine had all fallen off, except the sheet, and The Sweep was lying on them. Wasn't it clever of him to have found them in the dark? If I can't keep them on, I'm going to have campaigning blankets; they are sewed up like a bag, and you get into them.

"What do you think I found on my coverlet when I went to bed? A real, proper, blue dressing-gown, and a crimson tie! It came out of store, and Aunt Adelaide made it smaller herself. Wasn't it kind of her?

"I have got it on now. Presently I am going to dress properly, and O'Reilly is going to wheel me down to the stores. It will be great fun. My cough has been pretty bad, but it's no worse than it was at home.

"There's a soldier come for the letters and they are obliged to be ready.

"I am, your loving and dutiful son.

"LEONARD.

"P.S.—Uncle Henry says his father was very old-fashioned, and he always liked him to put 'Your dutiful son,' so I put it to you.

"All these crosses mean kisses, Jemima told me."

(To be Continued.)

HOW BERNIE MISSED HER SUPPER.

"Ask mother, please, to save my supper, Kate; Miss Park is going to take the whole school out to Cave Spring, and I'm bound to be a little late."

"All right, Bernie, I'll tell the missus; an' its yerself that will be riddy to ate when ye git back."

Away went the little girl, eager for the delight of the walk with such merry companions, and it was as she said some time after supper before she got home.

"Where's my supper, mother?" she called out as soon as she came in sight of the front porch.

"It is on the table in the dining-room," answered her mother; "but before you go into the house I want to tell you something."

Mother's voice was grave, but there was a shadow of a smile on her face that kept Bernie from feeling alarmed. The little girl came and put her elbows on her mother's knees.

"When I went into the sitting-room this morning," said mother, "I saw Puss and Poll having a sort of experience meeting. I don't pretend to say positively, but this is what I think they were saying.

"Puss—'Poll, what do you think of my little mistress for going off to school without giving me any milk this morning? I ate two mice last night, and am very thirsty, but though I mewed and rubbed against her, she drank her own milk and hurried away.'

"Poll—'My case is harder than yours, mistress, for you are at liberty to seek food, but here I am shut up to starve. I have neither food nor drink to-day.'

'Puss—'I think she ought to be made to go without at least one meal when she is hungry, to remind her of us dumb-lipped folk who cannot ask for what we want.'"

Mother's little story was done, and Bernie stood silent and downcast.

"Do you think I had better go without my supper, to-night, mother?" she said presently.

"I leave that to yourself, my little daughter," said her mother.

So Bernie missed her good bread and butter that night, but I don't think Puss and Poll ever missed theirs again.—*Sunbeam.*

READY! AYE READY!

The watchful Christian is one who would not be over-surprised if he found Christ coming at once; he would not have something to do first, something to get ready.—*Newman.*

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER X.—*(Continued.)*

LETTER II.

". . . I went to church yesterday, though it was only Tuesday. I need not have gone unless I liked; but I liked. There is service every evening in the iron church, and Aunt Adelaide goes, and so do I, and sometimes Uncle Henry. There are not very many people go, but they behave very well, what there are. You can't tell what the officers belong to in the afternoon, because they are in plain clothes; but Aunt Adelaide thinks they were Royal Engineers, except one commissariat one, and an A.D.C., and the colonel of a regiment that marched in last week. You can't tell what the ladies belong to unless you know them.

"You can always tell the men. Some were barrack sergeants, and some were sappers, and there were two gunners, and an army hospital corps, and a cavalry corporal who came all the way from the barracks, and sat near the door, and said very long prayers to himself at the end. And there were some school-masters, and a man with gray hair and no uniform, who mends the roofs and teaches in the Sunday-school, and I forget the rest. Most of the choir are sappers and commissariat men, and the boys are soldiers' sons. The sappers and commissariat belong to our brigade.

"There is no sexton to our church. He's a church orderly. He has put me a kind of a back in the corner of one of the officers' seats, to make me comfortable in church, and a very high footstool. I mean to go every day, and as often as I can on Sundays, without getting too much tired.

"You can go very often on Sunday mornings if you want to. They begin at eight o'clock, and go on till luncheon. There's a fresh band and a fresh chaplain, and a fresh sermon, and a fresh congregation every time. Those are parade services. The others are voluntary services, and I thought that meant for the volunteers; but O'Reilly laughed, and said, 'No, it only means that there's no occasion to go to them at all'—he means unless you like. But then I do like. There's no sermon on week-days. Uncle Henry is very glad, and so am I. I think it might make my back ache.

"I am afraid, dear mother, that you won't be able to understand all I write to you from the camp; but if you don't, you must ask me, and I'll explain.

"When I say our quarters, remember I mean our hut; and when I say rations, it means bread and meat, and I'm not quite sure if it means coals and candles as well. But I think I'll make you a dictionary if I can get a ruled book from the canteen. It would make this letter too much to go for a penny if I put all the words in I know. Cousin George tells me them when he comes in after mess. He told me the camp name for the iron church is tin tabernacle; but Aunt Adelaide says it's not, and I'm not to call it so, so I don't. But that's what he says.

"I like Cousin George very much. I like his uniform. He is very thin, particularly round the waist. Uncle Henry is very stout, particularly round the waist. Last night George came in after mess, and two other officers out of his regiment came too. And then another officer came in. And they chaffed Uncle Henry, and Uncle Henry doesn't mind. And the other officer said, 'Three times round a subaltern—once round a barrack-master.' And so they got Uncle Henry's sword-belt out of his dressing-room, and George and his friends stood back to back, and held up their jackets out of the way, and the other officer put the belt right round them, all three, and told them not to laugh. And Aunt Adelaide said, 'Oh!' and 'You'll hurt them.' And he said, 'Not a bit of it.' And he buckled it. So that shows. It was great fun.

"I am, your loving and dutiful son,

"LEONARD.

"P.S.—The other officer is an Irish officer—at least I think so, but I can't be quite sure, because he won't speak the truth. I said, 'You talk rather like O'Reilly; are you an Irish soldier?' And he said, 'I'd the misfortune to be quartered for six months in the County Cork, and it was the ruin of my French accent.' So I said, 'Are you a Frenchman?' and they laughed, so I don't know.

"P.S. No. 2.—My back has been very bad, but Aunt Adelaide says I have been very good. This is not meant for swagger, but to let you know.

("*Swagger* means boasting. If you're a soldier, swagger is the next worst thing to running away.)

"P.S. No. 3.—I know another officer now. I like him. He is a D.A.Q.M.G. I would let you guess that if you could ever find it out, but you couldn't. It means Deputy-Assistant-Quarter-Master-General. He is not so grand as you would think; a plain general is really grander. Uncle Henry says so, and he knows."

LETTER III.

". . . I have seen V. C. I have seen him twice. I have seen his cross. The first time was at the sports. Aunt Adelaide drove me there in the pony carriage. We stopped at the enclosure. The enclosure is a rope, with a man taking tickets. The sports are inside; so is the tent, with tea; so are the ladies, in awfully pretty dresses, and the officers walking round them.

"There's great fun outside, at least, I should think so. There's a crowd of people, and booths, and a skeleton man. I saw his picture. I should like to have seen him, but Aunt Adelaide didn't want to, so I tried to be *Lætus* without.

"When we got to the enclosure there was a gentleman taking his ticket, and when he turned round he was V. C. Wasn't it funny? So he came back and said, 'Why, here's my little friend!' And he said, 'You must let me carry you.' And so he did, and put me among the ladies. But the ladies got him a good deal. He went and talked to lots of them, but I tried to be *lætus* without him; and then Cousin George came, and lots of others, and then the V. C. came back and showed me things about the sports.

"Sports are very hard work; they make you so hot and tired; but they are very nice to watch. The races were great fun, particularly when they fell in the water, and the men in sacks who hop, and blindfolded men with wheelbarrows. Oh, they were so funny! They kept wheeling into each other, all except one, and he went wheeling and wheeling right away up the field, all by himself and all wrong! I did laugh.

"But what I liked best were the tent-pegging men, and most best of all the tug-of-war.

"The Irish officer did tent-pegging. He has the dearest pony you ever saw. He is so fond of it, and it is so fond of him. He talks to it in Irish, and it understands him. He cut off the Turk's head,—not a real Turk, a sham Turk, and not a whole one, only the head stuck on a pole.

"The tug-of-war was splendid! Two sets of men pulling at a rope to see which is strongest. They did pull! They pulled so hard, both of them, with all their might and main, that we thought it must be a drawn battle. But at last one set pulled the other over, and then there was such a noise that my head ached dreadfully, and the Irish officer carried me into the tent and gave me some tea. And then we went home.

"The next time I saw V. C. was on Sunday at parade service. He is on the staff, and wears a cocked hat. He came in with the general and the A.D.C., who was at church on Tuesday, and I was so glad to see him.

"After church, everybody went about saying 'Good-morning,' and 'How hot it was in church!' and V. C. helped me with my crutches, and showed me his cross. And the general came up and spoke to me, and I saw his medals, and he asked how you were, and I said, 'Quite well, thank you.' And then he talked to a lady with some little boys dressed like sailors. She said how hot it was in church, and he said, 'I thought the roof was coming off with that last hymn.' And she said, 'My little boys call it the "Tug-of-War Hymn;" they are very fond of it.' And he said, 'The men seemed very fond of it. And he turned round to an officer I didn't know and said, 'They ran away from you that last verse but one.' And the officer said, 'Yes, sir, they always do; so I stopped the organ, and let them have it their own way.'

"I asked Aunt Adelaide, 'Does that officer play the organ?' And she said, 'Yes, and he trains the choir. He's coming in to supper. So he came.' If the officers stay sermon on Sunday evenings, they are late for mess. So the chaplain stops after prayers, and everybody that likes to go out before sermon can. If they stay sermon, they go to supper with some of the married officers instead of dining at mess.

"So he came. I liked him awfully. He plays like father, only I think he can play more difficult things.

"He says, 'Tug-of-War Hymn' is a very good name for that hymn, because the men are so fond of it they all sing, and the ones at the bottom of the church 'drag over' the choir and the organ.

"He said, 'I've talked till I'm black in the face, and all to no purpose. It would try the patience of a saint.' So I said, 'Are you a saint?' And he laughed and said, 'No, I'm afraid not; I'm only a kapellmeister.' So I call him 'kapellmeister.' I do like him.

"I do like the 'Tug-of-War Hymn.' It begins, 'The Son of God goes forth to war.' That's the one. But we have it to a tune of our own, on saints' days. The verse the men tug with is, 'A noble army, men and boys.' I think they like it, because it's about the army; and so do I.

"I am, your loving and dutiful son,

"LEONARD.

"P.S.—I call the ones with cocked hats and feathers, 'Cockatoos.' There was another cockatoo who walked away with the general. Not very big. About the bigness of the stuffed general in the pawnbroker's window; and I do think he had quite as many medals. I wanted to see them. I wish I had. He looked at me. He had a very gentle face; but I was afraid of it. Was I a coward?

"You remember what these crosses are, don't you? I told you."

LETTER IV.

"This is a very short letter. It's only to ask you to send my Book of Poor Things by the orderly who takes this, unless you are quite sure you are coming to see me to-day.

"A lot of officers are collecting for me, and there's one in the Engineers can print very well, so he'll put them in.

"A colonel with only one arm dined here yesterday. You can't think how well he manages, using first his knife and then his fork, and talking so politely all the time. He has all kinds of dodges, so as not to give trouble, and do everything for himself. I mean to put him in.

"I wrote to Cousin Alan, and asked him to collect for me. I like writing letters, and I do like getting them. Uncle Henry says he hates a lot of posts in a day. I hate posts when there's nothing for me. I like all the rest.

"Cousin Alan wrote back by return. He says he can only think of the old chap whose legs were cut off in battle:

"'And when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps!'

It was very brave, if it's true. Do you think it is? He did not tell me his name.

"Your loving and dutiful son,

"LEONARD.

"P.S.—I am *Lætus sorte mea*, and so is The Sweep."

(To be Continued.)

RALPH'S BALLOON.

Ralph was a very ambitious little boy. He always wanted something bigger and higher and better than any one else had. And he never was willing to wait for it. When people told him: "Wait until you are a bigger boy. Wait until you get on trousers. Then you may have a bicycle. Then you may go upon the roof and fly a kite. Then you can travel on the steam-cars all by yourself. Wait, Ralph!"—Ralph always answered: "I don't want to wait. I want all those things now."

One morning he said to Marion, "Marion, I want a kite—a big kite—a kite that will go up!"

Marion was a very obliging sister. She was old enough to know that little boys sometimes have foolish little wishes that it does no harm to gratify. She sat down and made Ralph a kite. It was made of a stout piece of brown paper. It had a good tail, made of pieces of muslin tied together, and a long bit of cord to hold it by.

Ralph flew his kite in the house for a while. Then he took it out-of-doors, and tried to fly it in the garden. He was not very successful in getting it up. The truth was, he was too small to know how to manage a kite. But Ralph did not think that was the reason. He thought it was because the kite was not a proper kind.

"I don't like this kite," he complained to Marion. "I want something better. Something that will go up high."

"I am going down town presently," answered Marion, "and when I come back I will bring you something—something that will go up high."

Marion was a very kind sister indeed. When she came she bought Ralph a big red balloon. "Now, Ralph," she said, "here is something that will go up. You will have no trouble about this."

She tied a very long piece of string to the balloon, and let Ralph take it. He tried it in every room in the house, and it went to the ceiling in each one.

"Now I want to take it out-of-doors," he said.

"You had better not take it outside," answered Marion. "If the string broke, it would fly away."

"Oh no, I won't lose it!" declared Ralph. "Frank Burns has got a balloon too, and I want to see mine go up higher than his goes up."

So Ralph took his balloon out, and presently Marion heard the shouts of the little boys, and saw them running gayly about the garden. Each boy had his balloon high up in the air.

"Mine will go higher than yours, Frank," shouted Ralph.

"No, mine can go higher than yours, Ralph." Frank opened his hands and showed his ball of twine. "See, I have got a whole ball of twine. My mother gave it to me."

Ralph reddened with anger. "Yes," he shouted, "mine shall go higher than yours! I say it shall! I will make it go higher than the tree."

He gave a great jump in the air as he spoke, to make the balloon go as high as it possibly could. His foot tripped, and down he went on his face. The string slipped from his hand, and the big balloon, rising slowly, went up, up, far among the tree-tops. Ralph stared at it with round eyes, too much astonished to cry over his fall.

"There, Ralph!" exclaimed Marion from the window. "There, I told you you would lose it! Now it's gone!"

Ralph did not answer. He stood watching the big red balloon as it kept on rising, still remaining near the spot where Frank's blue one sailed over the tree. Presently it passed beyond Frank's, and still kept going up, higher and higher, until it seemed like a small dot against the white clouds. Then a puff of wind struck it, and away it went over the tops of the trees and houses, and that was the last Ralph ever saw of it.

Then Ralph turned to Marion, and gave a long sigh of satisfaction. "Anyway," he cried, "it went ever so much higher than Frank's did." — *Harper's Young People.*

THE DOOR TO THE HOUSE.

(By Katharine Pyle.)

There were idle thoughts came in the door,
And warmed their little toes,
And did more mischief about the house
Than any one living knows.

They scratched the tables, and broke the chairs,
And soiled the floor and wall.
For a motto was written above the door,
"There's a welcome here for all."

When the master saw the mischief done,
He closed it with hope and fear,
And he wrote above, instead, "Let none
Save good thoughts enter here."

And the good little thoughts came trooping in
When he drove the others out.
They cleaned the walls, and they swept the floor,
And sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came,
With wings and a shining face,
And above the door he wrote, "Here Love
Has found a dwelling-place."

OUR STORY COMPETITION.

At last we are able to give the results of our story competition, and we have at the same time to thank the competitors for their patience in waiting so long. But then, such a moving as the *Witness* office has had, does not come every year, you know.

There were not so many competitors as usually take part in our *Messenger* competitions, but the quality of the stories sent in was much higher in every way. Stories came from every section of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast and from the other side of the line as well.

The deciding as to which were on the whole the best has been no easy matter, and many of the stories not winning prizes are very little behind those that do. The story which has finally been judged worthy of the

FIRST PRIZE

is 'How They Spent Christmas,' by Miss Mabel Knowlton, Philadelphia, Pa. The

SECOND PRIZE

has been awarded for the story 'Little Ned's Faith,' by Miss Jane A. Stephen, Hanover, Ont.

SPECIAL MENTION.

The stories sent in by the following are worthy of special mention:—Niga Eric, Helen Lyle, Madge Zeta, Lucilla Serril, Gil Blas.

HONOR ROLL.

The following honor roll is a most creditable one.

Elizabeth Elliot, Effie May, Maggie A. Johnstone, Sheila, Olivia Washington, Trix, Truth, Amaranth, C.H.S., Annette, Beginner, Jessie Allan, Essie Bell, Nen, Ninian, Marie Belmont, Mazeppa, Walter Scott, Oriola, Elaine, Lillian, M.M., Dicksie, Viva Radcliffe, Gypsy Bell, Hal Glen, Prairie Lily, Blossom.

STILL ANOTHER LIST

must be given. The stories sent in under these nom-de-plumes showed, as a rule, clear and neat penmanship and strict attention to the rules laid down at the beginning of the competition.

Ivy, Myrtle, Haliburton, Nellie S., Maud L. Tupper, Ula, Velma, Christopher Verdant, A Scribbler, Young Canada, Loyal Canada, Discipulus, Jeannie, C. J. Howard, Lou., Bluebell, Little Angel, Katie, Mamie Llewellyn, Far away Moses, Crayo, Sunflower, Lady Gay, Annie Clarke, Annie Dixon, Acorn, Bumble Beigh, Onward, Cowslip, Myrtle, Ella Carnochan, Ithiel, Gypsy Nell, Wee Winkie, Douglas, Lily, Violet, Zoe, Flo, Nydia, Pansy B., Possom, Blue Belle, D. C. Finlayson, Rosebud, Myrtle, Clarina, Mabel Gordon, Rosebud, Daisy Snowflake, Daisy Dean, Elsie Verne, Retta, Snowdrop, Annie Allan, Fatima Fanshaw.

'THE AERIAL MESSENGER COMPANY, LIMITED.'

Amateur owners and breeders of carrier pigeons are numbered by the thousands in this country. Nearly every city has a club or association devoted to the breeding and flying of these interesting birds. It is the opinion of good judges that, after a few generations, birds bred and flown in the United States become stronger and more sagacious than the European stock from which they are descended. Some of the best records, both for distance flown and for time, have been made by the pigeons of American fanciers.

The use of a carrier-pigeon post during the siege of Paris is a familiar fact. Newspapers, letters and despatches were reduced to diminutive size by photography, and entrusted to carrier birds which had been brought out of Paris in balloons, and were thus carried back into the beleaguered city over the heads of the German army. During several months the pigeon-post was the only means by which the besieged city received news from the outside world.

But in spite of the telegraph, the telephone and the regular post, the services of pigeons are still often put to practical use in Europe. This is particularly the case in Belgium and the north of France, where they are most extensively bred. They are often employed successfully in carrying reports of speeches and other news from distant points to the Paris and Brussels newspapers.

American pigeon-fanciers have not devoted much attention to the practical side of their favorite diversion. Pigeon-flying here is regarded merely as a sport; and its principal object is the making of 'records.' There exists, however, near New York city a flock of these birds which demonstrates how easily they can be employed for a useful purpose.

About forty miles from New York, amid the hills of Somerset county, New Jersey, a New York banker has a country estate, to which he has given the name of Chetola.

It is several miles distant from the nearest railway and telegraph station. The proprietor has found a prompt means of communicating with his place of business in the employment of trained pigeons; and the 'Aeriel Messenger Company, Limited,' as the Chetola flock is called by its owner, has attained a high state of efficiency in its work.

About twenty-five birds are engaged in the service. They are the descendants of several pairs of Antwerp carriers imported by the owner. In appearance they are quite handsome, being longer in the body than the ordinary pigeon, with slim necks, bright, intelligent eyes, and large wings, supplied with the abundance of muscular power necessary to sustain them in long and rapid journeys.

The general color of the birds is a slate-grey, with markings on the wings and body of a darker hue, melting on the neck and back into rainbow shades—the poetical, lively iris of the 'burnish'd dove.'

Their residence is a roomy loft over one of the farm buildings. Here they are provided with all the luxuries a pigeon can desire, including feeding-places constantly supplied with provender, and a continuous flow of water for drinking and bathing. Exceedingly fastidious birds, scrupulously neat as to their plumage, their dwelling-place must be kept in a condition of order and cleanliness.

The practical working of this Aerial Messenger service is simple. The birds are accustomed to being handled, and are not dismayed when some of their number are taken from the loft, placed in a wicker hamper, and carried by the railway to New York.

Indeed, as some of them are always kept on hand at their owner's city office, they are habituated to this experience, and remain with apparent contentment in temporary seclusion.

While thus waiting for duty, their food and water are restricted to a minimum. When a message is to be entrusted to them, it is written out on a piece of very thin paper about three inches square. This is folded lengthwise into narrow compass, and one of the birds being taken from the hamper, the strip of paper is firmly attached to one of its tail feathers by means of a piece of fine wire.

A vigorous pull is always given to the feather to make sure that it is not loose. Then a window is opened, and the bird let loose.

Instantly gaining its wings, it rises above the lofty buildings of the city, and without hesitation, strikes out in the direction of its home in New Jersey.

In from forty minutes to an hour the little messenger from Wall street alights at its cote in the country. The entrance has a light swinging door, which the bird easily pushes aside. In its desire for food and a bath after its long flight, it usually wastes no time in entering.

The door has an electrical attachment which signals the appearance of a bird by ringing a bell in the mansion. Some one at once goes to the pigeon loft, captures the newly arrived messenger, and relieves it of the note it carried.

In this way the master of the establishment can be kept by his partners and clerks fully informed of what is going on in the city.

Each bird in the service bears on its leg a light brass ring, upon which its number is inscribed. A careful record is kept of each trip a bird makes, and of the time it requires. Most of the flock have made the journey many times.

This precision was not attained without care and attention. Some birds, especially young and untried ones, never reappeared at their home after being despatched. They may fall victims to hawks or to unscrupulous gunners. Sometimes they are enticed from their duty by the prospect of food on the way, or join flocks of ordinary pigeons which they encounter.

Carrier doves, like men, include some stupid and lazy individuals. Those who succumb to danger or temptation are caught or shot. The lazy birds, when freed, prefer to sun themselves on a roof rather than proceed with their message. Or on arriving at their home they roost for a time on a tree before entering their hospitable loft.

But by weeding out the weak or incompetent, by training the young birds to duty by flying them on gradually increasing distances, and above all by making their home attractive to them, this corps of feathered messengers has been brought to a state of assured efficiency. The 'old stagers' have learned to avoid peril, to disdain allurements, and to attend strictly to business.

The result is that even a delay on their part is somewhat rare. Their master is very proud of a recent performance of his flock. During a tedious illness and convalescence of over three months, his pigeons brought him day by day hourly bulletins from the city without mishap or even detention.

Several members of the Chetola flock have records for a thousand miles or more. This is not the purpose for which they are maintained; but on one occasion a pair of them combined an important business service with a long distance flight.

Their master left New York in summer to spend some days at a fishing station on the New England coast, three hundred miles away from New York. He took with him a hamper containing a few birds, intending to test them on a long distance journey. The place at which he was staying was an isolated spot, far from a telegraph office, and was reached only by a steamboat on alternate days. One morning, after the steamboat had come and gone, he found that it had brought him a message from New York in regard to an important matter of business. An immediate answer was required, as the subject involved a considerable amount of money.

There was no way of sending a message for several days. He resolved to make use of his birds. He wrote the necessary instructions to his representatives in duplicate. The messages were attached to two of the birds, which were liberated at about two o'clock in the afternoon.

The next morning at seven o'clock the gallant carriers, having flown three hundred miles over an unfamiliar country, rang the bell that communicated with their loft in New Jersey. The messages were secured, and sent to New York at once; and the next mail brought the owner of the birds the information that his orders had been successfully carried out.

On this occasion alone, he says, the performance of the two birds repaid him a hundred fold for all the trouble or expense his faithful little feathered employees had ever cost him.—*Henry Edward Wallace, in Youth's Companion.*

HINDU FABLE ON SUPERIORITY.

An elephant named Grand Tusk, and an ape named Nimble, were friends. Grand Tusk said, 'See, how big and powerful I am!' Nimble replied: 'Behold, how agile and lively and entertaining I am!'

Each was eager to know which was really superior to the other and which quality was most esteemed by the wise, and so they went to Dark Sage, an owl that lived in an old tower, to have their claims discussed and settled. He said to them: 'Cross yonder river and bring me some mangoes from the great tree beyond.'

Off they went, and on reaching the river Nimble held back, but Grand Tusk took him upon his back and swam across. When they came to the tree, it was lofty and thick, and Grand Tusk could neither touch the fruit with his trunk, nor break the tree down to gather the fruit. Up sprang Nimble and picked and dropped to the ground the mangoes. Grand Tusk then gathered the fruit in his capacious mouth, and the two friends crossed the stream as before and reported what they had done to their friend Dark Sage.

'Now,' said Dark Sage, 'Which is the better?' Grand Tusk crossed the stream and Nimble gathered the fruit. Each was dependent on the other. Each one is best in his place.'—*Ramaswami Raju.*

"ONE, TWO, THREE!"

By H. C. Bunner, in Scribner.

'Twas an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With the old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china-closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her, with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers
They were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

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